

Three Candles

By
MILDRED C. GOODRIDGE

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"Three of the wax candles, please—the little ones. Why do you hesitate?" Mrs. Prescott, young, still beautiful, although sorrow shadowed her face and her eyes looked dim and weary, almost reproachfully challenged the faltering clerk in the little confectionery and toy store. "As I tell you, I will pay for them and the cake when I get my pay, Saturday," she added.

"Oh, it is not that," declared the girl behind the counter. "Indeed it is not. It is because my heart is full of love and sympathy for you. My dear lady, won't you try to forget?"

"I must never do that," replied the lady in mourning in sad but even tones. "It is the little one's third birthday anniversary. She was the only ray of brightness that ever came into my life. With all the agony and grief, her memory is sacredly sweet to me."

Without another word the girl placed the three tiny candles in the package containing a small frosted cake the lady had ordered, but her tears were falling and she vainly tried to stifle a sob.

"Bless you, dear," spoke now Mrs. Prescott, gently. "Do not think me morbid. It would be cruel for me to forget little Arline."

"The lady of sorrows!" murmured the girl, pathetically, as her customer departed. "Poor soul! Truly, her cup is full to overflowing."

A tragedy, sudden, terrible and de-



Won't You Try to Forget?"

istating, had come into the life of Mary Prescott. The little town knew only of its rare outlines. Mr. and Mrs. Prescott had come to Wartham with a little child a year old. They rented a small cottage and lived very much to themselves. Their life seemed a strange one. The husband would go away mysteriously and be absent for as long as a month at a time. During such periods mother and child shut themselves up in the lonely home, seeing as few people as was possible. Neighbors never intruded, but they could not fail to notice that the lady's face grew paler and thinner each day, and her eyes had a constant expression of fear, suspense or grief, they could not determine which sentiment most prevailed.

Then the truth came out, discovered by a resident of the little town visiting the city. James Prescott was a gambler. He had used up all his own money and that of his wife at the card table. For a month, early, scowling, speaking to no one in the town, he had been seen about the house. Then one evening the village was startled by a new disclosure. The father, with little Arline by his side, had been seen to go aboard the river steamer Puritan. An hour later Mrs. Prescott came rushing to the wharf to make inquiries. She was frantic, half beside herself. Two hours later this circumstance was observed by the message flashed from a point fifty miles down the river, that the boiler of the Puritan had blown up in midstream and of the one hundred passengers aboard less than twenty had been rescued. About fifty bodies were recovered. In the list of those not found the names of James and Arline Prescott were listed.

In the village it was supposed that Prescott had been taking his child on a casual down-the-river trip. Alas! poor, bereaved Mary Prescott alone knew the agonizing incidents that led up to the tragedy that shadowed her already dreary life.

She had never loved James Prescott. It seemed as if some adverse mockery of fate had conspired to make her accept his attentions back in her home village of Leclaire. Just before Prescott appeared upon the scene Mary had received a proposal of marriage from a most estimable young man named Paul Barry. She had not known her heart at the time, but later, when the full measure of her sorrowful miseries overwhelmed her, she realized that her hesitation, which had driven him away, had been a lifetime mistake. Mary smothered her disappointment, however, giving her full love to little Arline and by patience and loyalty striving to win some measure of kindness from her husband.

In this she signally failed. Prescott, pretending to be a man of means, had induced Mary's father to favor the marriage. Just after the wedding her father died. His estate was quite small and was divided between his daughter and a crippled stepbrother. Soon Prescott had squandered his wife's portion. Then he tried to induce her to contest the legacy to her father's stepbrother, or induce the lat-

ter to lend her some of his small means.

Mary refused. It was then that Prescott had threatened to break her spirit if she did not meet his wishes. It was then that he started out with Arline, to hide the child away from her mother until Mary relented.

Then, overcome with this fearful climax of misfortunes, Mrs. Prescott had resigned herself to her fate as a lonely, brokenhearted being without a friend in the world.

So she thought and settled down to work for a seamstress in the town. In her estimate of friendlessness, however, she had not counted on the undying fidelity of a noble man.

Paul Barry had not forgotten her. News had come to his ears, an intuition of the worthlessness of Prescott. He had secretly visited and investigated, and had found himself powerless to better things or come between husband and wife. He came again when he learned of the supposed death of father and child.

Then he made a strange discovery. This was the statement from a friend that he had seen Prescott in a distant city two weeks after the sinking of the steamer. Barry started a new investigation.

Whatever he learned, it resulted in his visiting Wartham upon that same evening when Mrs. Prescott had bought the tiny candles to celebrate the third anniversary of the birthday of little Arline.

Under the cover of darkness he hovered about the boarding house where Mrs. Prescott occupied a room. He located the apartment from the outside. At a table he made out Mrs. Prescott, seated at a table upon which was a cake with three lighted candles on it.

A great wave of pity and love swept his soul as he comprehended the meaning of the lonely scene. Then Barry entered the house. He consulted the landlady. She was to manage to get Mrs. Prescott out of her room for a brief spell, while he sped to the village hotel, to return and smuggle into the room a little child. Barry seated her at the table, went downstairs and gave an agreed-on signal to the landlady.

A minute later Mrs. Prescott returned upstairs to confront her lost child, Arline!

It was a feverish, unreal hour for the poor mother. Barry did not intrude until the first wild joy of finding the dead alive had somewhat subsided. It was then that he told her of the escape from the wreck of father and child, of his discovery of the former with Arline in a wretched hovel in a distant city. Prescott had sustained serious injuries in the explosion of the steamer, had died, and Barry had brought Arline home.

True friend he had been. In her heart of hearts fervently Mary Prescott realized this fully.

True lover ever! She knew this, too, before many weeks had passed by, and little Arline and happy Mary after the storm found peace and a loyal protector.

Man Never Gets Old.

When is a man old? A woman is as old as she looks, and a man is old when he quits looking. Dr. Osler's remarks were distorted until the popular belief was established that a man at sixty was ready for the chloroform cone. From recent news it would appear more plausible that at that age a man is ready for the ice cream cone, being a mere child in years compared to frolicsome, nonagenarians who hurried into telegraph briefs, the New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch writes. Late in the year have been ninety-three-year-old youths looking around the matrimonial market and calling youths of ninety-one quitting the bench to make room for a mere infant of eighty-seven. Time was when a man at ninety retired to the easy chair with a cushion for his gouty foot, remaining there in querulous grandeur to the general exasperation of those who had to wait on him. The modern man of ninety or more, however, is the spirit of the spy, being "there" on the dancing floor, the golf links or in the tonneau of the seven-passenger car.

Sand Toboggan.

Tobogganing, in some form, seems to be dear to the human heart, especially to the heart of the boy. In the deserts of the Southwest, where snow never falls and water is a rarity, the too plentiful sand offers the means of satisfying this craving. I was recently exploring some remarkable sand dunes on the Colorado desert, to which the thirteen-year-old son of my host had piloted me. While I was intent upon my notes and photographing, I heard a patter of bare feet behind me, and in a moment my lively young friend shot past me with a shout, threw up his heels, and plunged headlong down the steep slope of a 30-foot dune on the edge of which I was standing. By using a little arm motion, he easily slid to the bottom. When he had rubbed the sand out of his hair and nose, he was ready for another descent.—J. Smeaton Chase in St. Nicholas.

Flicker, Flicker, Facile Finger.

Every industry nowadays evolves its own literature. We observe a movie enterprise announcing that "there's thumps and throbs" in a new offering; "five reels of punch, pep and plot, pluck, perils and pitfalls. The plodding pawns of penny crosses and receding the primrose paths of plenty, plagued by pitiless perils, plod, down, doggedly down to the defeating dusk of disaster's doom. Then fate, the fickle fiddler's fancy, shifts and from out the tortured tangle love leaps and laughs and links the luckless lives with loops of gold."

The movie, reflecting the mainstream of modern life, long ago swallowed the best actors and dramatists. Now it is evidently widening to devour the more refined literary talent. Did Robert Chambers write that "ad" or was it "Hen" James? And are we to witness all literature become reely?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Acquiring Ability.

The very best way to get ability is to do thoroughly whatever you do. Master every detail of work that falls to your lot.—Selected.



SOMETHING more than a score of years ago James G. Blaine resigned his position as secretary of state in the cabinet of President Harrison. He was succeeded by Gen. John W. Foster. A few months ago William J. Bryan resigned his position as secretary of state in the cabinet of President Wilson. He was succeeded by Robert Lansing. These two statements of fact are put together because it may be justified by the human interest which seems to exist in the fact that John W. Foster is the father-in-law of Robert Lansing.

It is probable that no two men more entirely different in temperament and in manifestations thereof ever existed than William J. Bryan and his successor in office, Robert Lansing. Mr. Bryan was more or less inclined to be half-fellow well met with men. Mr. Lansing has little of the half-fellow well met in him, but nevertheless he is approachable, genial and almost without question the best listener that the state department has had for a great many years.

Now it is said frequently that the man who is a good listener is more apt to get results than the man who is, we shall not say a good, but a great talker. Those who know the present secretary of state say that there is no channel connecting one of his ears with the other. This simply is their way of expressing the fact that nothing that goes into one of Mr. Lansing's ears finds exit from the other. He holds fast what he hears and later he acts on his knowledge or refuses to act on it as seems better to his understanding of the case.

Ordinarily speaking, persons like to hear stories about men in high positions. It is probably no exaggeration to say that there are a thousand stories about Mr. Bryan, about Mr. Knox, about Mr. Root, and about one or another of the predecessors in office of the present incumbent to one about the present incumbent himself. When one says stories, of course, he means human interest and humorous stories. Mr. Lansing does not lend himself readily to the exploitation of fun making. He is a grave man, a receptive man and therefore not at all an exuberant man. His sense of humor, however, is keen and he enjoys a good story well told and enjoys it with an evident, if quiet, showing of appreciation.

The kind of story they tell about Mr. Lansing when a story is demanded is in character something like that of the man himself, grave and dignified, and not possessing the qualities which make up the more or less substantial story with a substratum of humor.

For instance, not long ago two ambassadors representing foreign countries, and one high official of the United States government, expressed a desire for an audience with Mr. Lansing on a certain Thursday evening. Mr. Lansing said that he would be happy to see the gentlemen at almost any other time, "but on Thursday evening I must go to church."

Now, Robert Lansing is a Presbyterian, and a good one. It took real sincerity of purpose for a secretary of state, who is supposed to be ready at any hours of the day or night to listen to the plenipotentiaries of foreign powers, to say in effect, "No, state matters must wait until after prayer meeting."

When Mr. Bryan was secretary of state he saw the newspaper men frequently, and his intercourse with them was rather of the free and easy sort because the Nebraska gentleman was and is a newspaper man himself. The correspondents, however, did not get any extraordinary amount of news out of Mr. Bryan despite his affability. Mr. Lansing has regular business meetings with the correspondents. There are few stories to fly back and forth, few quips of humor, and there is the usual reticence on many subjects which marks diplomacy, but Mr. Lansing, nevertheless, always gives up a story, a news item of minor or greater importance, whenever it is proper for him so to do, and moreover, he is a pretty keen judge of news values despite the fact that he is a lawyer and probably does not know a 4-em dash from a lino-type machine.

Some people say that Mr. Lansing had several months' training as secretary of state before he took office actually. These are the people who think that he did most of Mr. Bryan's work. This probably is unjust to Mr. Lansing's predecessor, but it is known definitely that the present secretary was consulted constantly and consistently upon most of the matters relating to our foreign intercourse, which recently, as everybody knows, has been in a state not only delicate, but perilous.

It is pretty definitely known now that when Mr. Lansing was counselor for the state department he aided the president materially in writing the note to Germany which was penned June 9. It was the tone of this note which Mr. Bryan thought was too militant, and it was this note in a way which caused the Nebraskaan to resign his position as chief of the president's cabinet.

When it is said that a man is grave, a good listener and not overgiven to talking, the impression received is perhaps that he is lacking

GATHERED FACTS

Sudan grass yields from one to eight tons of cured hay an acre.

Two English scientists who are experimenting expect to solve the problem of producing electricity directly from coal without using a steam engine and dynamo.

Porto Rico is producing a wood that is only half as heavy as cork and that can be used in life preservers and life rafts and for insulation against heat and cold.

This country annually makes use of about 60,000,000 gas mantles and 10,000,000 mantles for gasoline and kerosene lamps.

An English authority has decided that rather than applied to a man's face for shaving has such high antiseptic value as to destroy even the typhoid bacillus.

Hawaii, with a population of 200,000, had a foreign trade last year of \$78,000,000. The trade total was but \$6,000,000 in 1897, the year before annexation to this country.

TAKEN FROM EXCHANGES

A furnace of a special type has been installed in the Bank of France to destroy all cancelled bonds and damaged or returned paper money.

Rev. Arthur Goodenough of Winchester, Conn., has been pastor of the Congregational church in that town for 45 years. For continuous active service in a single Congregational church, Mr. Goodenough is second in his state, and sixth in the United States.

On the outbreak of the war the Falkland Islands voted a gift to Great Britain of \$11,250, equivalent to \$5 for each inhabitant.

An extensive plant has been built in Venezuela for the manufacture of wrapping paper and strawboard from an aquatic plant growing profusely in that country.

To facilitate towing a disabled automobile to a garage there has been invented a small truck that can be made to take the place of any one of two broken wheels.

tertown, in northern New York, only a few miles from the St. Lawrence river, from the waters of which it is probable that as a boy he drew many a pickerel and bass and laid the foundation of his love for the sport which Isaac Walton made famous. He entered the state department as counselor one year ago last March, succeeding John Bassett Moore. For thirty years, that is since he was twenty-one years of age, Mr. Lansing has been studying and practicing international law. He was connected in behalf of the United States with a great many arbitration cases. He was this government's associate counsel in the fur seal arbitration twenty-two years ago, and later he represented the government before the Bering sea claims commission. He was counsel for the government in the Alaska boundary dispute and he has served Uncle Sam in China, Mexico, Venezuela and at The Hague in various arbitration matters.

It is said that Robert Lansing slipped easily and gracefully into the big chair in the cabinet room, which stands at the right hand of the bigger chair which is occupied by Woodrow Wilson. A good many men of note have occupied the chair. When a man ceases to be secretary of state history invariably makes an estimate of him and of his services. What will the verdict be concerning Robert Lansing?

One thing is certain. Mr. Lansing entered upon his great office duties at a time when it is possible for a man to win his spurs or to lose them, and that quickly. There are heavy burdens on the shoulders of this present incumbent of high cabinet office. When the corner stone of the Pan-American building was laid Theodore Roosevelt, then president of the United States, delivered an address in which he said that there had been many great secretaries of state, but that there had been none greater than Elihu Root.

At the laying of some corner stone or at the ceremonies attending some other memorable occasion will it be Woodrow Wilson's part to rise to his feet and say, "There have been many great secretaries of state, but none greater than Robert Lansing?"

In writing this sketch one very important matter came pretty near being overlooked. Robert Lansing, secretary of state, is a poet. Some people say that he is "a writer of exquisite verse." Poetry is poetry; verse is either near poetry or no kin to poetry.

Poetry is poetry; verse is either near poetry or no kin to poetry. Mr. Lansing does not claim to be a great poet. It is probable that he writes poetry as a diversion. At any rate, it is generally conceded that he is a pretty fair poet, and that he also is much more than a pretty fair painter.

So when the American people have a secretary of state who can make other nations sit up and pay attention, who can fish, who can play baseball, who can dress well, who can paint, who can write poetry, and what is better, exceedingly forceful prose, ought not the said American people to be satisfied with the man who has taken upon himself a large part of the burdens of state at a time when those burdens are heavy?

WAS CONSERVATIVE.

His Host—By the way, what do you think of the Mexican imbroglio?
Mr. Malaprop—To tell the truth, I like old-fashioned American fruits the best.—Judge.

WISE HOBO.

"How is it you always pick out a bachelor to listen to your hard-luck story?"
"A married man has troubles of his own usually."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SELF-CONGRATULATION.

She—I suppose you know I came near marrying Jim before I married you?
He—Now I know why he shakes hands so warmly when we meet.—Judge.

CAME TRUE.

"A fortune teller told me yesterday that I would meet with a financial reverse."
"And did you?"
"Yes; she charged me \$2."

STRICT PARTY MAN.

"Do you promise to love, honor and cherish this woman?"
"Yes," said the politician, "whatever the platform is I subscribe to it."

ONE ON THE COCO.

Golfer (proudly)—I play with my head, m. boy.
His Rival—Yes, I notice that you are partial to wooden clubs.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 28

AMOS, THE FEARLESS PROPHET.

LESSON TEXT—Amos 5:1-15.
GOLDEN TEXT—He that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully.—Jer. 23:22.

Among the prophets Amos bulks large. His message (B. C. 787 ?) is most thoroughly modern and its application to our present day problems deserves careful consideration. Read the entire book prayerfully. Chapters 1 and 2 enumerate the sins of the nation and of Israel: 3-6 contain addresses of the prophet: 7-13, 10 records his visions and the conclusion, 9:11-15 is a Messianic prophecy. The modern prophet of social service and those who neglect a proper consideration of "applied Christianity," both ought to ponder well this passage.

I. Jehovah's Lamentation, vv. 1-3. The words of this lesson are those of Jehovah spoken to the house of Israel but apply to all people of all ages. Verse one is a prophecy of the master's grief over the holy city (Luke 13:34; 19:41). Outwardly rich and opulent, in Jehovah's sight the nation had already fallen (v. 2 R. V.) and there "is none (present tense) to raise her up." Israel is personified as a maiden sorely wounded. Spoken decades before, Israel did fall and has risen no more. But there is a possibility of mercy. There is here a command and a promise and those who obey the command will obtain the promise of life.

To "seek ye me" (v. 4) is to turn the face to him rather than to turn the back. It implies the forsaking of all evil thoughts, yes, our own thoughts and ways and to turn unto him who will abundantly pardon (Isa. 55:6-7; Deut. 30:28). There is life for the most outwrecking and outrageous sinner if he will seek the Lord.

II. The Prophet's Exhortation, vv. 4-9. The places mentioned in verse five had each been made sacred by God's presence and subsequently degraded by idolatry. Bethel especially so. (Gen. 12:8; 28:10-13; 1 Kings 12:29-32). These new religions and the false worshiping were beguiling even the sincere and unwary, hence the warning. We need to beware of the manifold "new cults" lest we depart from the faith of our fathers. America is today standing upon a social and religious crater in many ways similar to ancient Israel. God is either a consuming fire (Heb. 12:29; Mark 9:43-49) to the impenitent or else a minister of grace to those who repent. Verse seven is a suggestion regarding the rulers of that day and finds far too many counterparts in our own times. In verse 4 Jehovah exhorts the people to "seek him and live."

In verse 6 the prophet utters the same cry. Now (v. 8) the appeal is to seek him because to do so is wisdom. (a) It is he "that maketh the stars," the earth, yes, everything, and it is well to be on his side (Ps. 19). (b) He "turneth the shadow of death into morning" (R. V.) (see Ps. 30:5). Who can comprehend the vast host of his saints for whom this has been done? (c) He "maketh the day dark with the night" (R. V.). This he is doing repeatedly. The God who set the day in its turn can also turn it aside; he has done it both past and present. (d) He "callest for the waters—and poureth them out upon the face of the earth." This is both poetical and scientific. God delivers the rain and upon him we all depend. It is the part of wisdom as well as of life to be on the side of the self-existent, eternal Jehovah against whom man's strength is as nothing (v. 9).

What man creates, man can destroy, witness Liege and Louvain—and is God any less able?

III. The Word of Application, vv. 10-15. Sinners always hate the man who rebukes their sin. Scripture is not needed to prove this fact, for we see it today. We are specifically warned against the praise of the wicked (Luke 6:26) and any true and upright witness for Christ knows that he is abhorred by those whose lives are crooked. (John 3:18, 20). Verse 11 (A. V.) sounds very much like many of the strictures that are being made regarding the acts of some of the rich of today. How frequently we behold mansions built from the proceeds of oppression deserted by the ones who anticipated their occupancy. How few fortunes are really expended and enjoyed by those who make the accumulation. The manner by which we accumulate, our conduct towards the just (Acts 7:53), our acceptance of bribes, and our neglect of the needy and the poor is all known to God, (v. 12). "Therefore," even as today it is difficult and costly to get justice in our courts, even as iniquity is rapidly growing in the earth, about all the prudent man can do is to hold his peace, to wait upon God and watch for him. He it is who must call with trumpet voice (Isa. 58:1) even though he does now speak with human lips. The fourth exhortation to "seek" (v. 14) is to search after the good, though the time be an "evil one."

The individual is to seek good, to hate evil, and do all in his power to "establish justice in the gate," viz., so far as in his power lies, exalt to the positions of rulers and governors those who also "seek good, not evil."

The result will be that Jehovah, the God of hosts, "will be with us" even in this evil time (See Gen. 39:2, 3, 23; Phil. 14:8-9).

True goodness is to "hate evil and love the good" (Ps. 97:10; Rom. 10:9). By this test we may know if we really hate sin, if we are truly righteous. This is the path of blessedness (Heb. 1:6).

Our nation needs the Jehovah-of Amos, a sense of sin and a realization that sinners are lost.